For. Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one month together.
Exit omnes.

Enter Hoſt and Simple.

Ho. What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin?
Speake, breathe, diſcuſſe, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.
Sim. Sir, I am ſent from my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Hoſt. Sir *Iohn*, there's his Caſtle, his ſtanding-bed,
his trundle-bed, his Chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, goe knocke,
hee'l ſpeake like an Antripophigian to thee:
Knocke I ſay.
Sim. Sir I ſhould ſpeake with an old woman that
went vp into his Chamber.
Hoſt. An old woman, the Knight may be robbed, Ile
call bully Knight, bully ſir *Iohn.* Speake from thy lungs
military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calles.
Fal. Now mine hoſt. *he ſpeakes aboue.*
Hoſt. Here is a Bohemian tartar bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcend
bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honourable,
pah priuaſie, fie.
Fal. Indeed mine Hoſt there was a fat woman with
me, but ſhe is gone.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray ſir, was it not the wiſe woman of *Brain-*
ford?
Fal. Marry was it Muſſelſhel, what would you?
Sim. Marry ſir my Maſter *Slender* ſent me to her,
To know whether one *Nym* that hath his chaine,
Couſened him of it, or no.

Fal.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.
Sim. And I pray you ſir what ſes ſhe?
Fal. Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man
That beguiled Maſter *Slender* of his chaine,
Couſened him of it.
Sim. May I be bold to tell my Maſter ſo ſir?
Fal. I Tike, who more bolde.
Sim. I thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maſter a glad
man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir. *Exit.*
Hoſt. Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wiſe woman with thee?
Fal. Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught
me more wit then I learned this ſeuen year, and I paid
nothing for it, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord ſir, couſenage, plaine couſenage.
Hoſt. Why man, where be my horſes?
Where be the Germanes?
Bar. Rid away with your horſes:
After I came beyond Maiden-head,
They flung me in a ſlow of myre, and away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Where be my Hoſt de gartir?
Hoſt. O here ſir in perplexity.
Doct. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But be-gar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Germane Duke come to de Court,
Has coſened all the Hoſts of *Brainford*,
And *Redding*: be-gar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Hoſt, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter